## THE DALLY BYEMING TELEGRAPH THULLDELPHIA. ENDAY. NOVIMBER 5. LIGT THE DAILY EVENING TELEGRAPH-PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1867.

## **HON. MRS. YELVERTON'S LOVE LETTERS.**

## From the N. Y. Herald,

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No love letters in the world have ever caused the same sensation as the Yelverton correspondence; partly because they have been produced during the lifetime of the writers; partly because on those letters the Scotch lawyers choose to think a marriage and succession to a peerage depended; partly because they have been more garbled, more misquoted more misrepresented, more quarrelled over by counsel, more landed and disparaged by the press, according to the ex-tracts they chanced to get hold of, more gossiped over in private, more noticed in public than any documents on record written in a delicate female hand. So faint, worn, and tender now have the originals become from the length of time they have been lodged as records in Court, that many have had to be framed to preserve their existence. For the great Yelverton cause is not half over yet, having only developed the British constitutional law so far as to prove that if a man can construe it adroitly he can have two legal wives in different parts of the same empire. Major Yelverton now finds himself in that Mormonic position with a Scotch wife and an Irish wife, both legal in their respective countries, and it remains to be seen whether or no he cannot take a third in England. But to return to these "poor little letters," the outpouring of a girlish fancy, which, matured by years, was to spell-bind the world with interest and sympathy. These letters won additional celebrity because Lord Westbury, known as one of the best classical scholars of our age, pronounced them the finest specimens of epistolary correspondence in the whole range of literature, because a learned Scotch judge likened them in passionate tenderness to the odes of Sappho, and one of the most acute and profound lawyers on the bench, Lord Deas, was so touched and overcome by the pathetic heartery ringing through some of them that he was overcome with emotion in summing up, his handkerchief having to do daty in the middle of a sentence-a sentence never completed by him-and he plunged into dry legal argument to cover his retreat.

## [Estracts.]

CARO CARLO MIO: You can only write at night. Is that the reason you write so seldom? I can write to you any hour of the day or night, and do not require either the slient night or the muse of darkness to place me en rapport with you. It is my only pleasure now, and I labor under the delusion *peut-tire* that it is one to you. Oh! I want you so much to come. All nature is so lovely that it is a sin not to rejoice with her in her smiling new dress. The bills are white with daisy and the valleys green with fresh mose; the trees are all loaded with blossoms, and the air is heavy with delicious odors; there is a south wind breathing warmth and telling me of you; all the little birds are chornsing in joyous melody-existence is perfect bliss to them. Two of them are lovingly contemplating constructing a little settlement near my window. and there they are chattering and consulting about it all day long. Doubtless they have no uncle to prohibit their future visions of happiness in this little mud wall. I wish I were a bird, to be able to choose another bird, and then sit in a tree and be sung to. The sea is as clear and bright as a mirror, or one's fixed dream of love; and the porpoises are splashing and rolling about in the very height of enjoyment. They all vo swimming together, and do not condemn one to live solitary even in the lovellest sea grotto. The very insects go dancing and sparkling in the sunshine. They seem in a perfect ecstacy of delight, and never know when to stop; their small humming makes an accompa niment to nature's music. Beautiful little flowers are clinging to and fraternizing with grum old stones: clear, rippling water is whis-pering the sweetest things to loving, listening mossy banks. All things have found a sympaa-Maying go. Why should man alone be dis-cordant? Why should he not enjoy the lovely things of the earth like all other created creat tures? Why should he forever toil and never reap the fruit? A chivalrous savage. Pray hear my defini-tion of one. A man who has a sound mind and warm heari, uncloaded by sophism and subtle refinement, who sees the naked truth by the pure light God has given him, nor seeks to pervert it by take logic and time-serving philo-sophy; who is bold, and brave, and gentle, and kind stopping on earth to note but the stooping on earth to none but the weak and helpless; who knows no other bonds but those of honor and affection, the protector of the feeble and the guardian of justice and honesty; too noble for a tyrant, too generous to be selfish; a man realizing the intentions of the Creator and worthy the glorious with he stowed upon him. There is a chivalrous savage for you! Oh hit is a good joke. I have been in love with such a one from the age of ten years when I formed my first conception of an lited man from Scott and Cowper. I need not say how much I have had to unlearn of those days; still, I think that over-refinement and the conventional trammels of etiquette and over scrupulousness check many a bright idea and generous impulse, whilst I fear it is no prevenfailve to secret evil, for, whilst the outward form is maintained with rigidity, the reality is despised; so if you are a savage, so you shall remain for me; I ask for no amendment, and accord to others the liberty I expect for myself. CARLESING CARLO MIO-Does that suit you? Pour dire to verite, I cannot settle down to your Daptismals; William is out of the question-1 abound with brother Williams and could never recognize you under that title. Charles is un peu mieuz; nevertheless it does not recall your mage-image do I say? I can't recollect your appearance in the least; you are to me quite myth. I almost doubt I ever did see you; believe you a fiction, a bright creation of my coffee, a sort of sublunary spiritual creation; you are a *jeu follet*-1 am always just on the point of calching hold of something tangible about you, hut you always slip away and leave me disappointed. I know nothing about you, not even what you are like; you might be in di guise that well-known gentleman in black whose memorable walk around the world is so celebrated, "to visit his snug little farm, the earth, and see how his stock goes on." Now, pray don't be idle, but give me a proper account of yourself; and if you feel inclined to sneer at woman's curiosity, call to mind how long you knew me ere you brought me to a painful con-fession and laid bare my inmost secret. Was all that fiction or reality ? I have been analyzing your thoughts for you, and will give you the result—whether, having once met, we should resume a distant corres-pendence? I should say decidedly not. Did you ever watch the course of a stream running smoothly along for yards together, and notice that when impediment or interruption occurred, as the bough of a tree or a few rough stones, it clustered over and around them, but never resumed its former steady course? So I think it is with life; a certain train of events bearing to a certain climax, when we are met by another convoy of circumstances; but the past another convoy of circumstances; but the past never comes over-sgain. If we ever met, fare-well to indefinite icelings of any kind. The dream would be over-they would become either definite or extinct. There is no stopping in this world. We are either going backwards or forwards. Sometimes we do not know pre-cisely which. Do you think I am right? With reserve to our not knowing such other that regard to our not knowing each other, that I hold upon a hypothesis of mine (which I will treat you to) to be impossible. I consider that my writing to you this day does not originate, as might be supposed, from the accidental cause of your once having been on board a steamer with me, but from the natural cause and effect of the influence of one person upon another. I have been on steamers scores of times before and since, and so have you; in my own case I can positively say without similar results. Now to

make my idea more comprehensible and mate-rial, suppose influence to surround each of us as our various feelings and sentiments. When two belts come in contact, each composed of similar ingredients, a sort of fusion takes place. This is sympathy. When most of the ingredients correspond and the fusion becomes com When most of the ingredi plete, it is triendship. Am I intelligible? (Expandion-At this point the opposite counsel declared the letter perfectly unintelligible and it might be explained. The prosale English counsel for Mrs. Yelverton, Sir Roundell Palmer, positively admitted his inability to do so. "Then," said the Lord Chanto do so. "Then," said the Lord Chan-cellor, in his precise, emphatic manner, "Mr. Attorney-General, twenty years ago you might have found out the elucidation of that letter.) We might have walked the ship all night and remained strangers, but acciden-tally putting my shawl on for me you must have had a bouch, and small cause was sufficient to produce this long effect. Now, I deduce from this theory that, should we ever be shipped together again, the same natural result would take place as on board the steamer, even sup-posing that I had turned negress and you into an Arab; so that remembrance of personal appear ance would be at fault should we not recognize each other by the remembrance of feeling. W. can distinguish the tones of one instrument from another by sound only, and I am certain if we meet again on board on a dark night I should not know you; but if you have doubts on the matter, you cught to have done what I asked you in my last letter but one; but you were unkind and would not.

BOULOGME, Feb. 9, 1855 .- Caro Mio Carlo:-The letters from the camp are pitlable; they make me miscrable. I cannot sleep for seeing all the horrors before me, and dream of nothing but grape-shot, round-shot, and prejectiles of every kind. Your quiet, philosophical letter did not convey to me the immensity of your sufferings and privations, and since we are de-prived the pleasure of alleviating them in a material way, it will be some comfort to you to know that they will not be burled in oblivion. The papers teem with the miserable facts, and e country is in an uproar about the gross neglect and mismanagement. It may be some consolution to you to know that you have the deep, carnest sympathy of every true English heart; that here are thousands who, if individual exertion or sacrifice could redeem the past or save the future, would, like Curtius of old, nobly commit themselves to the yawning guif. It is a great and noble cause you are en gaged in, a momentous, solemu, crisis, where every man may know and prove himself; a time to feel what sterling qualities he has within him, what moral as well as physical courage; a time when he may claim worthily to be a man, when he may claim the honor, gratitude, and respect of his follow-men; "a time and tide," as Shakespeare has it, "on which a man may flood on to prosperity." If a man have any character it will evince itself at this time, and he will rise on the wings of mighty events or fall crushed orever beneath their glorious flight-not that very man is born what is vulgarly considered a hero. Some men have more common sense and ess rashness than poor Captain Nolan (who was well known and deeply lamented by a dear friend of mine); but there is, in my opinion, far more heroism required to bear, with quiet, manly fortitude, the exhausting, painful demands of nature, the sudden destruction of life-long contracted habits and comforts, the inidious ravages of the two most positive evils, cold and hunger; to contemplate with stoic self-possession the sudden dissolution of one's being any moment, any hour; to be playing the frightful bazard of rouge et noir with life for the stake for months together in support of a principle held to be noble. Such in my homble estimation, is a hero. Oh, mar what a glorious day it will be when these men return to their country! Deep, heartfelt welcome will greet them on every side; strangers hitherto will regard them as tried friends; and oh! the happy moment when, once more among your own iriends and family, the hearts that have loved you, that have suffered with and watched, ay, and prayed for you (for, be the ulti-mate good what it may, it is natural to human nature), shall gladden at your safe retura; a better, nobler being than you left. I am not mistaken in this, or I never was right in my hie; and I sometimes upbraid myself when 1 myself entertaining a lurking wish that ou had never gone. Once more lost! Surely fate is mallelous eyond measure, or we are bad steerers of our Quel tour ele nous joue ! bark. You certainly acted your part well and stoically. But, oh, you must let me gramble a little bit; my heart and head are full of it; and if you will not let me speak of that, I must be silent. What is the use of telling me of any future reality? You are a ghost, a phantom, a coinage of my brain-that is all; a bright, lovable one at drst, now become painful and torturing. Transit, Vectis are all stuff-I don't believe in them a bit, [Major Yelverion was expected by one of bese transport ships.] I whited for you every day, every hour, and every minute of the hour. I sat in my tower of observation, with a long lookout at sea. I saw a ship come in and it said, "I am the Transit"what a falsehood! I watched the little boats come and go from it. All delusion! I took one of them and went near. I wished all the men had been sick and wounded, that I might have boarded her. Horrid wish! I return to my tower and watch and walt again. A volce-a scraph's it may be-whispers, "You are wanted below." Down I swim in a delicious dream, repeating mockingly—"Trust no future, how-ever pleasant," etc. I do trust it; I know it is pleasaut. My head is in a whirl of something very pleasant, I don't know what; but it is not impassability or emotionlessness; but he would scold me for want of stoicism; no; and I am on the threshold, I see the personilication of my ideal-my floating dream? my myth ?-the sun light on the stream of my thoughts. Such a reality? God forbid! It is the three-tailed Pasha, with eyes as bright and wild as those of the hyena. He is like a tame tiger, whom I come to take, but I am dreadfully afraid of his bite; and the end of it all was the sun setting. not rising, and the ship sailing off, and then awoke. Was it not a painful dream? The first principle of intellectual advancement is that in which it is most active. The great secret of developing the faculties is to give them much to do, and much inducement to do it. where there is an object to be gained; and what is life without an object? I for one do not value it. I must have intenser joys than the mere fact of enting, drinking, and sleeping. The anxiety of enting, drinking, and sleeping. The anxiety I feel, and the apparently hopeless position I have got into, only serve to excite my imagina-tion and rouse every faculty of my mind. I have but one object in view, and that has taken full and entire possession of me. Every day it grows stronger, and who knows but this event, the unlooked or difficulty, is the very thing to de-velop every resource of my character, which else might have lain dormant. Perhaps hopeless di-lemma may be the salvation of us both; for you. lemma may be the salvation of us both; for you, too, are prone to be lazy; but if you ever feel as intensely as I do you will wake up, and with such an ally *je rirai au nez de mille diables*. Neither is feeling wanting in you; but it is nighty doep down, and like gold ore, is difficult nighty deep down, and, like gold ore, is difficult to bring to the surface and transfuse into practi-cal use. In your character there is an immense amount of latent power and energy which you ao not often trouble yoursell to bring forth, and therefore your inculties are not developed and anterefore your factifies are not developed and strengthened. Michail superiority is at-tained by work. Strength of mind is power-power over yourself, power over those around you, power to influence and control the will of others, aliently, but irresistibly. I never met one to influence in buck with this as you. I do not mean in my own case exactly as that might one so intimately imbued with this as you. I do not mean in my own case exactly, as that might possibly occur by accident. I wish still further to observe this process, to see the extent to which it might be carried, the amount of supe-riority you might acquire—in fine, to see what manner of man you might become. By the by, have you never any matheurs on petites missres is a vier You must be a true philosopher, and orsatize what rou preach; but what do you do with feeling? Par example; if there was any one you were very fond of, and they required your assistance, and you had no money to assist them, and the case was despe-rate, and the most dreadful consequences would

ensue from your inability, and that incavacity arose from the stupidity or malice of some other party, tell me, under such circumstances, could party, tell n e, under such circumstances, could you icel stoical? Tell me your secret, and I will try and pat it into practice. I do not want to approfondir le fond de votre nature. I want to pull you down irom your pedestal in my imagination, and pluck you to pieces-to find out the secret mechanism and the idlosyncra-tics of secret mechanism and the idlosyncrayour inmost character-the charm of sies of your interior existence; whether you have any community with all that is beautiful in nature, with the bright sunlight and the solemn shade whether you sympathized with "Burns" "wee, mo dest flower;" whether, on summer's morning going forth, your heart expands, and you feel a spiritual congeniality with all nature, with the soft music of fluttering leaves and the bird that weos his mate; with the bright, glad insects, and the mellow light caressing the flowers? If these things speak not to your soul in language no lips could repeat—tell me, do you not return a wiser and a happler man? There is no moa weer and a happier man. There is no mo-notony in nature-ever varied, ever new. Oh, for one congenial spirit and a ramble through the wild woods! Let me into your soul; it is only now and then that I get a sly peep. You ought to know me better than I know you; but I inney women have more intuitive perception than men, and are quicker to take advantage o any unprotected nook or corner to slip in and take a survey. Addio, caro Carlo mio, il mo bene sia il gioja mla.

TRANSLATION OF AMBROSE PHILLIPS. Blest as the immortal gods is he, The youth who fondly sits by thee And hears and sees thee all the while Softly speak and sweetly smile. Twas this deprived my soul of rest. And raised such tumults in my breast; For while I gazed in transport tost,

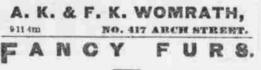
My bosom glowed: the subtle flame Ran quick through all my vital trame; O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung; My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

blood with gentle horrors thrilled; My feeble pulse forgot to play-I fainted, sunk, and died away.

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